

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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The first impulse after returning from vacation is to tell everybody all about it, but probably that is not the wisest way of utilizing the varied experiences that crowd into a tramp of a hundred and fifty miles on foot, thirty miles in a row boat, and between three and four hundred by rail; a part of the time with so congenial and stimulating a companion as Mr. Simmons of Minneapolis. For the present we must content ourselves with advising our readers that we have returned to our post, just as our faithful assistant, Mr. Kerr, is going to press with this our first number of the fourteenth volume of *UNITY*.

Oh, there are great woods in Northern Wisconsin, whole counties of raspberries, blackberries and huckleberries going to waste, great reaches of burnt pine districts, sublime in their desolation! The quiet glory of the forest scenery on the St. Croix, the wild Titanic vigor of the St. Louis River Dalles, and the bracing air of Superior and Duluth that we have tasted, are interspersed with quaint, fresh and pathetic specimens of the human family to him who goes in search of them on foot. When the blood is up from vigorous walking, the eye, ear and the brain that attends them are more alert to discover the unique and striking, both in nature and in human-nature. Thoreau found arrow-heads everywhere; so on our pedestrian wanderings we stumbled on "characters" everywhere—lumbermen, Indians and Half-breeds, but our assistant editor has left us no space to tell of them.

With the 1st of September the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference and the editor of *UNITY*, who have stood in the same pair of shoes for so many years,

will now require two pairs. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, as previously announced, assumes the duties of the Secretaryship. To him all letters referring to the missionary interests of the Western Unitarian Conference should be addressed. The editorial management of *UNITY* remains unchanged, all communications, business and editorial to be addressed as before. But this division of labor brings no division of interest. The Secretary's and the editor's desks will continue to be in near proximity and each occupant will frequently feel the contact of the other's elbow. It is still the one cause, the one work and the one interest. There are no goodbyes to be said; the welcomes and the greetings exclude them.

A native preacher in Calcutta is making a sensation by advocating on philosophic grounds a revival of idolatry.

It is alleged that the late earthquake in the Atlantic States resulted in largely increased attendance on services of public worship.

Our English exchanges are beginning to explain to their readers what "gerrymandering" is. We are sorry, for this is surely an instance where ignorance is bliss.

All the Unitarian churches of Chicago resume services on Sept. 7. The quartette of ministers have each been refreshed in his own way and are now ready for a vigorous campaign.

It gives one a strange sensation to find liberal newspapers in England such as the *Unitarian Herald* compelled to argue against the idea that free public schools tend to "pauperize" the poor.

"Infidelity," says Oliver Johnson in a letter to the *Index*, "is an opprobrious epithet, which the ecclesiastics have contrived to get defined in the dictionaries in a way to make it most effective in their hands."

Rev. H. E. Butler in the *Advance* makes a strong plea for long pastorates. Regular installations are, he thinks, to be advised because of their impressing minister and people with the feeling that their relation is to be a permanent one.

There is always a sadness when anything comes to an end that has had aught of happiness in it. The last time ever brings with it so much of the past that is sweet, that we linger over it, although the future be filled with sweeter promises.

A missionary in China complains to the *Living Church* (Protestant Episcopal) that their church name is perfectly

untranslatable in Chinese; the nearest possible approach to it being "The Contradicting Overseer Church." This story the *Living Church* quotes in an editorial note, and still it does not seem to suspect that there is any moral.

The lives of some men seem like spheres, radiant with the light of virtue, truth and all goodness; until, one day, there is an eclipse, and the imperfect life casts its shadow upon some truly beautiful and perfectly rounded existence, when all its irregularities are made evident.

Referring to a pamphlet issued not long since by Mozoomdar on the controversy between himself and his opponents in the Brahmo Somaj, the London *Inquirer* says that if the facts are as he states them, it has never met with a case in which right and justice and honor were more clearly on one side.

A Maryland court has decided that a bequest "for the erection of a place of worship in accordance with the faith and doctrines held by the orthodox Baptist churches" is null and void. Orthodoxy, the court holds, is a relative term, the meaning of which the law could not decide in the event of dispute.

"The common interpretation of the meaning of consecration," says the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, "is too narrow. * * * The truly consecrated man does not need to intermit his business for the sake of religion. His business is part of his religion; in it he shows his fidelity and proves his consecration to God."

The *Christian Register* under date of August 14 expresses regret that no great poem has as yet appeared on the Greeley expedition. We think this is somewhat premature. Our exchange might at least have waited until thirty days after the expedition had been heard from. When the great poem comes it will no doubt be all the greater if the poet takes his time.

One F. S. Jewell, Ph. D., writing for a prominent orthodox sheet in this city, says that liberalism is "at best a sort of indeterminate intermediateness. It believes in something, but not in anything really to the purpose for man's redemption." No doubt Dr. Jewell refers to the fact that liberal Christians do not believe that God can "be propitiated on easy terms" so as to suspend the operation of the moral law.

Ever since the meetings of the Western Unitarian Conference last July, inquiries have been coming in as to whether Mr. Simmons' paper and Dr. Thomas' address on the New Orthodoxy would be printed. We now take pleasure in announcing that they will appear together in *Unity Church-Door Pulpit* for September 8. Although this will make a number of double the regular size, we will furnish extra copies at \$2.50 per hundred if ordered in advance of publication.

Dr. Townsend in the *Independent* offers some useful suggestions on the "art of hymn-reading." He protests against the "didactic" style of reading which is still too prevalent, and observes with justice that, excepting in very illiterate communities, hymns are not usually read for the

purpose of teaching them to the people, but rather to inspire in the congregation the sentiment of the hymn. His closing suggestion is a particularly good one,—namely, that if the preacher finds on a given occasion he "cannot read with anything like fitness the hymn announced, he would better not attempt the reading. This kind of self-slaughter is not necessary, nor will it be commended by the congregation."

Reading and writing require two very different sets of intellectual powers—the receptive and the creative—the feminine and masculine attributes of the mind. There is a certain indolence of the intellectual powers invading even the best books, which there is not in writing a trifling epistle to a friend. Bacon's "Reading maketh a full man; writing maketh a correct man," at the expense of epigram, might be changed to: Reading storeth the mind with dead matter; writing quickeneth it into life.

We regret to see that the *Current* helps voice the popular disparagement of the Concord School of Philosophy, whose session is perhaps the greatest literary event of the year. The *Burlington Hawkeye* might naturally be expected to charge the Concord essayists with hardly knowing what they were talking about, but the *Current*! However, when our exchange hits off the editors who have taken up the questions discussed at Concord and settled several of them in an article a column long, it has our warm approval.

The *Advance* prints an article entitled "A Happy Thought," which embodies the suggestion that a person comparatively poor might leave a substantial legacy to a missionary society by insuring his or her life for its benefit. In its editorial columns the *Advance* remarks with its usual sanctified common sense that "it may be wise for some to insure their lives in the interest of missions or other good causes; only be careful that your money is not wrecked in some bogus company on its voyage to the heathen."

"If the workingmen of America," says the *Current*, "permit the abolition of the 'Puritan Sabbath,' they will prove themselves a nation of dunces." Once let public sentiment come to regard Sunday as a day of recreation and license, and public sentiment will no longer have the power to deter capitalists from requiring men to labor on Sunday as on the other six days. Looking at the matter from the most utilitarian stand-point, it is evident that the religious—the "Puritanic"—sentiment with which Sunday is still regarded is the one safeguard of the day.

H. W. Adams, of Elgin, Ill., sends to this office under date of August 16, a printed slip of "Facts for Temperance Voters" which he requests us to publish. The same request is evidently made simultaneously to several hundred other editors, and all things considered, we prefer to let our readers find the article in question elsewhere. For the rest, we have small sympathy with the Prohibitionists' plan of action in this state, which Mr. Adams seeks to enforce. Stripped of verbiage, the programme is as follows: At the coming election let fifty thousand or more Republican votes be diverted to the Prohibitionist candidates, thereby electing Carter Harrison as Governor and a legislature controlled by his adherents. Let this administration repeal the high license and local option laws which now act as salutary re-

strictions on the liquor traffic, and for four years let us have a carnival of free whisky. Then, the Prohibitionists hope, a reaction will set in which will result in absolute prohibition. While we admire the shrewdness of this plan we question its morality.

The *Indian Messenger* is an attractive sheet of eight pages published every Sunday morning in Calcutta, and "devoted to religious, social, moral and educational topics. Theologically, it represents the opinions of the "Sadharan Brahmo Somaj" as opposed to the "New Dispensation" party headed by Mozoomdar. The current number comments on a public lecture recently delivered by him in which he threw "the whole blame on his opponents," and says that "the cause of Brahmoism, which is still associated with that of the New Dispensation in the public mind is being daily weakened by these internal dissensions."

The *Universalist* of August 23, contains a long article on "Doubts and Doubters," in which the largest and most hopeless type of doubter is described as follows:

"Through intense occupation with temporal affairs, he has become indifferent to matters of philosophy and faith. And indifference is a wide door for doubt to enter in. Where belief has not occupied the ground, unbelief is sure to find a welcome and a citadel. Through the open gate by which truth has been expelled, error with all her hosts marches in. Exclusive devotion to the accumulation of riches induces an unsusceptibility to spiritual influences and a blindness to spiritual facts, which render a man an easy prey to almost any one of the insidious or open attacks of unbelief."

The late Prof. M. Stuart Phelps in the *Princeton Review* says: "We cannot now compel belief. Even our little social inquisition serves us no longer; and socially, as well as politically, man is free to think. Theism is put upon the defensive by the attack of science. It must meet that attack of science upon the ground of science, and with the weapons of science, and to the satisfaction of science, or else it must go under. Faith may be beautiful, sublime; but if faith is all, science will coolly explain it on principles of heredity, tradition, early education, prejudice, and will quietly plod along by it as the pedestrian in the Alps passes by the crucifix at the roadside,—relic of an ancient and curious epidemic of superstition."

T. W. Higginson in the *Woman's Journal* devotes an article to the questions suggested by Miss Jewett's "A Country Doctor," which was reviewed in UNITY of July 1. Miss Jewett's theory is that there is a natural excess of women over men, which makes it desirable that a certain number of girls should deliberately choose celibacy. Here Mr. Higginson takes issue. A mere majority of women in a given locality does not prove, he says, that "some are set apart by nature for other conditions than marriage." He then goes on to analyze the situation in the oft-cited case of Massachusetts, and shows by statistics that "nearly the whole vast disproportion of women consists of widows. The excess of single women over single men is so slight as not to be worth mentioning; in round numbers nine thousand, in a population of more than a million and a half." The large proportion of widows Mr. Higginson accounts for on the ground of the "greater risks to which men are exposed in war, traveling,

seafaring," etc. The slight excess of unmarried women is due, he says, to factory system, which attracts many working girls from other States. The article closes with the following just comment on the ideas of the book in question:

"There is therefore absolutely no ground for Miss Jewett's theory that nature provides a certain excess of young women to be employed as physicians and the like, because there is nobody for them to marry. Without therefore censuring those who deliberately prefer science, art, or practical activity to marriage,—and with only praise for those who refuse to marry, where they do not love,—I still think it a pity to erect celibacy into a theory of life, and to claim that provision is made for it by nature."

It is said that Nature "invites us to a perpetual banquet. It is always open house with her; but only the wise, the temperate, the simple-hearted, can take part in her festival." It is only a restless, unnatural life that can find little pleasure in nature,—both that of the open fields and that of human life. It is easier for some of us to find that which heals and ministers to us in the open fields, than it is to so hold our simple-heartedness and temperance, that we may have wisdom enough to steadily find, in common human life around us, that which in another way also ministers to us. It would be hard to find a child who does not love to explore the "open house," to share in the "perpetual banquet," and we may be sure we are growing away from Nature, that we are becoming intemperate and losing certain qualities of youth which should be eternally ours, if our interest fails us in either of these directions.

Rev. Sumner Ellis in the *Universalist* presents a thoughtful article on "Our [the *Universalist*] Church Name," and before he comes to his subject speaks a few ringing words for the name "Unitarian" as contrasted with the names of some other organizations:

"The Unitarian has taken to himself a greater and better name. He has soared far above temporal concerns, like the question of more or less water in baptism, or of a presbyter or bishop as the fittest church officer, and found his title in the study of God, and hence it is full of meaning. It is a name written in the eternal depths of the sky, and not on the shifting sands of this lower world. It is a great theological term, from which, as from a dawning orb of light, a world of errors flies away, and in which a world of truth inheres. A sublime conclusion is reached in the doctrine of the unity of God—a conclusion at once accordant with the deepest consciousness of the soul and the homogeneous aspect of the universe, and which is destined to supplant every form of polytheism, dualism, and trinitarianism, and the one God is likely to be regarded as a great and adequate God."

An anonymous writer in the *Unitarian Herald* is contributing a series of articles entitled "From the Old Faith to the New." They are—to judge from those which have thus far appeared—unusually thoughtful and valuable. In the article on Jesus Christ the writer asserts that between the liberal and the orthodox view there is substantial agreement in essentials, and that we differ only in non-essentials:

"For what do we agree in? That the life and spirit of Christ is the highest life of man; that he revealed to us the true union in man of the divine and human; that by revealing the love of God he reconciled man to him. This we maintain is the essence and gist of the matter; these are the essentials, and in these we agree."

"In what do we differ? In a variety of questions, intellectual and historical, critical and evidential, speculative and metaphysical. What Christ was; the precise attributes he had; the exact character of his relationship to the Father. These, we contend, however interesting, are secondary and non-essential."

Contributed and Selected.

A CERTAIN HAREBELL.

Sheer and straight to the water's edge
Fell the precipitous granite ledge,
Torn by the earthquake from its bed,
Worn by the glacier's heavy tread
And by the torrents polished,
Proudly it bore the seams and scars
Won in a by-gone age of wars;
Stern the defiance you still might trace
Cut in the lines of its frozen face.

Yet from a rent in the granite gray,—
Just where a cloud-bolt has torn its way,—
A harebell, blue as the June-day sky,
Bent to the river fleeting by.

Think you the flower ever dreamed of the banks
Where its shy sisterhood grew, and, in ranks,
Maidenhair, fern-fronds and mosses low?
Could it have tired of the river's flow,
Placidly slipping and sliding by,
And, cloud or star-strewn, the far-off sky,
And nothing living? Say who will;
It clung to the rock and blossomed still.

And what did the grim old granite think
When out there grew, from its splintered chink,
That delicate spirit of dew and light?
Did it learn that, e'en after its hard-won fight,
Something was wanting to crown the whole,
And there, in the harebell, find its soul?

LILY A. LONG.

IN JESUS' HOME.

VI.

VILLAGE SCENES (CONTINUED.)

(5.) *The Beggars.* Another frequent sight was the beggars by the roadside; beggars lame, decrepit, blind; seated at the entrance of the town, like Bartimæus; laid at the synagogue-door or at a rich man's gate, like Lazarus; calling to the travellers along the country-hedges; always asking, often receiving, alms. "The poor ye have always with you," true enough now, was even truer then, for there were no almshouses or asylums to receive them. Almsgiving of all sorts took their place, both in the Law and in the people's practice. Almsgiving was counted next to godliness. The rich man showed his public spirit, the would-be saint showed off his virtue, in this way. Contributions for the poor were made each Sabbath in the synagogue, two officers receiving and three distributing the gifts. It was a teacher's word,—"Whenever a poor man stands at thy door, the Holy One, blessed be His name, stands at his right hand. If thou givest him alms, know that thou shalt receive a reward from Him who standeth at his right hand." And Jesus himself, one day when a man, said something much like that; but he opened his brother-heart still more deeply in the story of the King's Brethren,—the King who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

(Wayside beggars, Mark x. 46; Luke xvi. 19-31; Acts

iii. 2; Luke xiv. 21-23. *Alms-giving*, Matt. vi. 1-4; xix. 21; xxv. 31-46; xxvi. 6-13; 1 Cor. xiii. 3; Deut. xv. 7-11; xxiv. 19-22; xxvi. 12-15.)

(6) *Sick Folk and the Doctor.* The land seems to have swarmed with sick folk, too. In the door-ways, at the well-sides, on the roads, you saw them, and, of course, in many a house,—there were no hospitals. Now it would be a palsied man, and now a bowed and suffering woman, and now a boy or girl with fits; and, now and then, most pitiful of all, a little group of wretched creatures, one or two of them, it may be, with a handless arm or noseless face,—a group standing apart from others, and gurgling out the warning cry "Unclean! Unclean!" These were the dreaded "lepers,"—neighbors and yet banished, alive and yet as dead.

There were doctors and apothecaries; but how little they knew was shown by the medicines they gave,—a locust's egg to cure the ear-ache, the tooth of a living fox to cure sleepiness and that of a dead fox to cure sleeplessness, and other things as queer. The common belief was that diseases were largely due to "devils." These devils were supposed to be the souls of the early giants (Gen. vi. 4.) or else of wicked men,—prowling souls that made their homes in living bodies; sometimes a single devil, sometimes a whole pack of them, all housed together in a man! All sicknesses that people could not understand, especially all mental or nervous troubles, such as fits, paralysis, insanity and even headaches, were thus conveniently accounted for. Traveling doctors went up and down the country, offering to drive the devils out by using charms and magic words; and the touch and voice and manner of these exorcists, and, above all, the people's faith in them, had real power sometimes to quiet the sufferers,—as with "magnetic healers" in our day. Doubtless the boys of Nazareth had stood by and watched such doctors trying to relieve some crazed or tortured neighbor. There was something about Jesus himself when he grew up, his presence and voice and touch, that gave him great power and fame for cures of this *personal* kind.

(*Lepers and devils*, Luke xvii. 12-19; Matt. viii. 28-34; xvii. 14-21. Farrar, ch. xliii, xvii; xxxii. Geikie, ch. xxxiii, and notes. Thomson, vol. ii., pp. 516-520.—*Exorcists*, Luke ix. 49; xi. 14-26; Acts xix. 13-19. Farrar and Geikie, as before.—*Physicians and apothecaries*, Ecclus. xxxviii. 1-15; Luke iv. 23; Col. iv. 14.—*Medicines*, etc., Luke x. 34; John v. 2-9; Jas. v. 14. Geikie, ch. xlii, end.)

(7) *A Funeral.* Perhaps the sick neighbor died,—and then the silent children saw the ointment and spices brought for the burial, and listened to the cries of the hired mourning-women and the wailing of the flutes. And three or four hours later they followed the funeral-train, as the body, lying on an open bier, was borne forth from the streets to the burial-caves outside the town. All about the hills of Palestine to-day we find these ancient burial-caves hewn in the rock. Sometimes they serve as houses now. Every cave could tell its tale of heart-breaks and funerals centuries ago,—perhaps "long ago" even to those Nazareth boys. In some of them are found chambers beyond chambers, the sides of each having several shelves or niches hollowed out, on which the bodies, wrapped in linen cloth, were laid. A great stone slab closed the outer entrance, perhaps white-washed each year to warn off the passers-by,—for to touch a tomb was "defilement." A common sight all this, of course, in every village. And the little children used to imitate the processions and "play funeral" in the market-place, as children now "play soldiers."

(Minstrels, Jer. ix. 17-18; Matt. ix. 23. *Funeral*, Luke

vii. 11-15. *Burial, tombs, etc.*, Luke xxiii. 50 to xxiv. 2; John xi; Matt. xxiii. 27; Numb. xix. 16; Matt. viii. 28. *Playing funeral*, Matt. xi. 16-17. See Geikie, ch. lii, and end of lxiii. Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," pp. 147-152.)

(8) *A Wedding*. And sometimes they "played wedding." For now and then, especially of a Wednesday night, the streets would echo with merry songs instead of dirges, as a band of young men passed along to lead a bride to her new home. The maiden has been waiting for them at her father's house, and the procession is soon heard coming back. She is only twelve or fourteen years old, and the bridegroom only eighteen or twenty. She is dressed in white, with all her finery and jewels on, a long veil hiding her from head to foot, the bridal crown of gilded myrtle leaves upon her head, and her hair flowing free. He has a handsome new turban on, and garments garlanded and perfumed. Before them go musicians playing on drums and flutes. Friends keep joining the gay company on the way. Some of the girls carry oil-torches; others wave myrtle-boughs and scatter grain or small coins to the bystanders,—for all the people have come out to see. And so they reach the bridegroom's home, and the wedding-feast begins; begins, and lasts perhaps a week, and, whoever comes, the wine must not give out or the young couple will never get over the disgrace!—What a good game the little children must have made out of all that!

(Luke xii. 35-38; Matt. xxv. 1-13; xxii. 2-14; John ii. 1-10; Matt. xi. 16-17. Ps. xlv. seems to be a royal marriage-ode. See Geikie, ch. xxix.)

(9) *A Party*. Hospitality, like the almsgiving, has always been a famous virtue of the East. In old time, as still in Arab land, the traveller who neither brought nor bought his meal need not go hungry. People remembered the story of Abraham and his guests: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unaware," they said. So when Jesus grew up and sent out his disciples to teach his Gospel, his charge to them, "Take with you neither purse nor bread-bag ('scrip'), you will find hosts in every town," was not so strange to them as it might sound to us. And we often hear of him and his disciples being invited to some house to dine. Indeed, a good deal of his talk that has come down to us is "table-talk," remembered from such parties. As through an open door we can look in upon these dinner-parties. The guests are not sitting upon chairs, with a separate plate and a knife and fork, but lying down on broad cushions around three sides of a low table; at the fourth side the servants bring the dishes. The place of honor is the right hand corner of each cushion,—and there may have been some pushing and hurrying to get it. Each one leans on his left elbow, with his right hand free to help himself at the common dish. Their feet are bare, for all have left their sandals at the door; and the host's welcome, if he is true gentleman, has included a foot-bath for his guests. Lying as they do, their feet can easily be reached by any one who comes behind the circle,—like that woman who brought the box of fragrant ointment for Jesus. We can even overhear the neighbors' chatter, as they say hard things of men so impious as not to wash their hands before lying down to dine, and so disreputable as to dine at all with "publicans and sinners."

(*Hospitality*, Gen. xviii. 1-8; xxiv. 15-32; Heb. xiii. 2; 1 Tim. v. 10; Luke xi. 5-10; x. 1-8, 38-42. *Table-customs, etc.*, Luke v. 29-32; xi. 37-40; xiv. 7-14; vii. 36-50; John xiii. 1-17, 21-26; Matt. xxvi. 23. See Farrar, ch. xxi. and lv. Geikie, ch. xl., lii. lvii.)

These were a few of the village scenes which must have been familiar to the Nazareth boys. They hung like pictures in Jesus' mind; and when he talked, it is almost as if he took one down and told a parable from it. Whether or not the parable were understood, everybody understood his picture.

W. C. G.

BYRON.

The day will never come when the life of Byron will not be considered in regarding his poetical works. Of no other poetical writer is this true in so full a sense. A French critic has said: "In Byron there is a remarkable inability ever to lift himself into a region of real poetic art—art impersonal and disinterested—at all. * * He has treated hardly any subject but one,—himself."

Lord Macaulay says much the same thing in different words. He says, "All his characters are essentially the same. The varieties are varieties merely of age, situation, and outward show." The man he exhibits is "proud, moody, cynical, with defiance on his brow, and misery in his heart, a scorner of his kind, implacable in revenge, yet capable of deep and strong affection." This description answers so perfectly to Lord Byron himself that it will at once be seen his characters are not entitled to be called creations, but reflections of himself. This prevented him from being even a passable dramatist, and we find him best, as a poet, in descriptive and meditative passages, as that for instance in *Childe Harold*, canto III, beginning,—

"There was a sound of revelry by night,"

or this, from *Don Juan*, canto III, stanza 102,—

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft

Have felt that moment in its fullest power

Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,

While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,

And not a breath crept through the rosy air,

And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

The true feeling in such passages as these, the feeling of Byron's better self, is what gives them their value. Whether we go with *Childe Harold* into the Coliseum, watch the sun sink behind Morea's hills with Conrad, or wander with Manfred among the Alps, we feel that we are with the same person, and that person not a creation, as we feel when with *Othello* or *Hamlet*, but the proud, miserable, defiant Lord Byron himself, who "was the beginning, the middle, the end, of all his own poetry, the hero of every tale, the chief object in every landscape."

Goethe said Byron's personality was greater than that of any other English poet; and at last in this personality we have come to find, with the help of Mr. Swinburne, the true excellence of Byron—"the splendid and imperishable excellence which covers all his offences, and outweighs all his defects—the excellence of sincerity and strength."

The French critic quoted before says Byron "posed all his life." Lady Blessington said, "His great defect is flippancy and a total want of self-possession." How is it then that we find "sincerity and strength" at all in Lord Byron's character. Surely he "posed," was affected and silly; how, then, do we find the key to Byron's power to be "sincerity and strength?"

Like many who have been before, and many who have been since, Lord Byron was possessed of a double character,

and his best character he retained for himself. Before the world he was affected, and silly, and theatrical. He posed before society all his life, as Oscar Wilde has been posing before a later generation; but when the moment came for composition, when for his own relief, he must pour out his passionate defiance to the world—he was sincere and strong. Lord Byron seems to me to be the very embodiment of the spirit of his age—the age of the French Revolution. No other man in literature stands for that great historical event, in my mind, as he does. The existing order of things in society, in government, in art, filled him with rage. He flew into a passion because everything was not different. No matter what the condition of things had been, he would have resented them, and they would have become intolerable. He would not be hampered in any way, but must be perfectly free—free to license. And this spirit of liberty soon brought him under the influence of the most daring excesses, as it brought the people of France under the yoke of Napoleon. He became a slave to passion—passion that should forever remain in subjection. Not the passion for truth and beauty, and power over self, and power to exalt others—this is the true passion, the noble, uplifting impulse of the poet—but this was not the passion that controlled Byron. The passion that ruled him was that of intemperance and lust; the passion wilfully proud and defiant that tore down but did not build up. What the French Revolution stands for in history, Byron stands for in literature.

Everything was by no means given to Lord Byron, and he made the worst possible use of the gifts bestowed upon him. He had a marvelous imagination, but he polluted it with vice; his physical nature became habitually excitable owing to intoxication, his temper was embittered by misfortune, and he never enjoyed the happiness that might have been his had he proved steadfast and true to the purest of his many loves. In what great contrast stands the figure of Dante, whom trials far greater than Byron's could not so embitter but that he loved the world and raised woman to the greatest high imagination is capable of conceiving. His was an instance of the rarest imagination purified with holiness and love. We think of Dante as the divine poet. Can Byron be thought of as divine? Byron, who repeated year after year, that wretchedness was the common lot of all, "That to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery, if they are not gratified, to misery of disappointment, if they are gratified to the misery of satiety."

His defiance and misery, and scorn, found passionate expression—it was this that held the world. "Sincerity and Strength:" these are the excellences of Byron—the power of his great personality,—“a personality greater than any that has ever been,” as Goethe says, “in literature,” and his sincerity consists in hate, and his strength in defiance. And when we say this, let us remember these great words of Sidney Lanier: “In love, and love only, can great work, work that not only pulls down, but builds, be done; it is love, and love only, that is truly constructive in art.”

“With a poetical gift and a performance of the very highest order, the slovenliness and tunelessness of much of Byron's production * * * is incompatible,” says Matthew Arnold; and, accounting for Byron's short comings, he says, “Some of Byron's most crying faults as a man,—his vulgarity, his affectation—are really akin to the faults of commonness, of want of art, in his workmanship as a poet.”

I have said that when the moment came for composition

he poured out of heart and soul his passionate defiance, and herein we find the strength of Byron on the one hand, and his greatest weakness on the other. He cared not into what form he poured his molten matter.

He was not the great genius so ravenous after new forms in art that he would follow you to the ends of the earth to discover them. The idea of the poet's being wrapped in a fine frenzy, is an idea that is losing ground. The crazy man cannot, nor ever could, discover and reveal more of truth and beauty than the man with his senses keen. And here, again, some noble words of Sidney Lanier will help us in forming an estimate of Byron. “For indeed genius, the great artist, never works in the frantic vein vulgarly supposed; a large part of the work of the poet, for example, is reflective; a dozen ideas in a dozen forms throng to his brain at once; he must choose the best; even in the extremest heat and sublimity of his *raptus*, he must preserve a god-like calm, and order thus and so, and keep the rule so that he shall to the end be master of his art and not be mastered by his art.”

There is an old aphorism to the effect that “He who will not answer to the rudder, must answer to the rocks.” One cannot but wonder what the result would have been if this aphorism had always been in Byron's mind when he set out upon his tempestuous sea of verse. It is quite certain he would never have run upon such a heap of destructible rocks as these:

“Dare you await the event of a few minutes' Deliberation?”

It is impossible to conceive of anything more unworthy the name of poetry than this and yet even such verse has been defended by no less a person than Sir Walter Scott. Was flattery ever more naïve? He says: “Byron managed his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality.” How delightful to be a “man of quality” in the “republic of letters!”

Macaulay says Byron was the creature of his age; that whenever he had lived he would have been the creature of his age. He would have been more quaint than Donne if he had lived in the reign of Charles the First; if he had written during the reign of George the First, his “monotonous smoothness of versification, and the terseness of his expression would have made Pope himself envious.” This I can only regard as being half-truth when I think of the exquisite epoch-making verse that was being written by Byron's contemporaries Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats; all so unlike to one another as well as to Byron, and all so superior to him, as men as well as poets, notwithstanding that Byron said Wordsworth was crazed beyond all hope, and Coleridge drunk. Byron was insensible to all real artistic beauty.

Of the poets, perhaps his favorites were Dante and Milton, but he has placed Tasso beside them on terms of equality; he hinted that Pope was the equal of Shakespeare, admired Mr. Gifford more than any of his contemporaries, and could find little or no merit in Spenser, the poet poets love. Byron was a barbarian as far as appreciating Poetic Beauty was concerned. Poetic Beauty, of which Thomas Carlyle has said: “It dwells and is born in the inmost Spirit of Man, united to all love of Virtue, to all true belief in God; or rather, it is one with this love and this belief, another phase of the same highest principle in the mysterious infinitude of the human Soul. To apprehend this beauty of poetry, in its full and purest brightness, is not easy but difficult; thousands on thousands eagerly read poems, and at-

tain not the smallest taste of it; yet to all uncorrupted hearts, some effulgences of this heavenly glory are here and there revealed; and to apprehend it clearly and wholly, to require and maintain a sense of heart that sees and worships it, is the last perfection of all human culture."

Lord Byron's popularity has always been greatest among young persons whose reading has been almost entirely given to works of imagination of the sensational kind. These young persons, when Byron was the vogue, had it all their own way—bought his pictures; treasured relics of him, no matter how trifling; tried not only to write like him, but to dress and act like him—even studying before the glass to catch his expression.

How many imitators do you think he would have had, had he been an English commoner instead of an English Lord? I am happy to think that it is impossible for any such character to grow up in America likely to exert any such influence. As we have seen, his title to nobility gave him title to "negligence and ease" as a writer of verse, no less than to "negligence and ease" as a Lord, even in the mind of Sir Walter Scott. If this great writer could forgive his shortcomings as a literary artist on the ground of his possessing a title to nobility, it is not to be wondered at that the world of nobility should receive him with open arms and fawning flattery. And what the nobility worships the English, as a people, worship. It were well indeed if this imitation of the dress, expression and action, of Byron was the worst result of his influence; but it was not. Let us close with an extract from Macaulay: "There was created in the minds of many of these enthusiasts a pernicious and absurd association between intellectual power and moral depravity. From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were to hate your neighbor, and to love your neighbor's wife."

WM. S. LORD.

MY PICTURE.

No work of the grand old masters
Is this priceless gem of mine,
No picture that owes its value
To the visible marks of time.

But a bit of household beauty,
By an unseen presence blessed,
Where God was one of the household,
And I was the favored guest.

The breath of an Autumn morning
Through the open casement stole,
And a feeling of awe and silence
Pervaded the beautiful whole.

The baby had stopped his crowing
From his throne upon mamma's knee,
As if he too were conscious
Of a presence we could not see;

While the lips of a kneeling father
Gave to the silence speech,
Two little ones kneeling beside him
And an arm encircling each.

Strength for the day's whole duty,
Love that should keep them one,

And a Heavenly Father's guidance,
Was the prayer of the kneeling one.

Simple, and sweet, and tender,
My picture will ever be,
But life was made sweeter and better
By that morning prayer, for me;

And oft in the morning stillness
I'm with them in spirit again,
And closing my eyes for a moment
I look at my beautiful gem.

No work of an Angelo's genius,
Or a Raphael, howe'er divine,
Nor the glowing tints of a Titian,
Would I take for this picture of mine.

J. M.

MARY LAMB.

READ AT THE CONTEMPORARY CLUB, MADISON, WIS., BY MISS E. L. DELAPLAINE.

Upon hearing that a book* has been written about Mary Lamb, sister of the Charles Lamb, so dear to those who have enjoyed his writings, our first feeling is one of surprise; for to many of us, Mary is known only as the partial author of "Tales from Shakespeare," and, more sadly, as the half-insane sister, to whom the brother devoted his life. But the book which gives the record of this devotion, and of the terrible trial which only united more closely these gentle, suffering hearts, is by no means a sad or depressing one. It often brings a smile to the lip, even though there be a tear in the eye; for these were truly rare souls, drawing to themselves much to beautify, strengthen and cheer. They possessed, and held fast through all their trials, a keen sense of humor and a playful wit which lightened their own burdens, and gave joy to others, and, even better than these, a sunny patience and fortitude, a courage and perseverance, which were really sublime, transforming the lives which, to a superficial observer, must seem so broken and incomplete, into inspiring examples and sweet memories.

A few facts concerning the early circumstances of the Lamb family will best serve as a frame-work for the little we can glean, in a few moments, from the book—the glimpses of home and social life, the friendships with kindred spirits, the "tearful smiles and laughing melancholies" which form so large a part of the fascinating story.

Mary Lamb was born in 1764, in London, and there her childhood was passed, varied only by occasional visits to relatives in the country, pleasant experiences which were afterwards recalled in some of her stories for children. She was of a shy and sensitive disposition, not understood by her parents or grand-mother, and treated with a reserve and lack of appreciation which, no doubt, helped to increase the predisposition to insanity, inherited from her father's family. Though outwardly reserved, she was warm-hearted and longing for affection, and when her brother Charles, ten years younger than herself, was born she lavished upon him the most devoted care and tenderness. This is perhaps not unusual, but that it should be so fully appreciated, so

*MARY LAMB. (Famous Women Series.) By Anne Gilchrist. Roberts Bros., Boston.

nobly repaid, is almost as rare as beautiful. There was but one other brother, an elder one, who seems to have been a lively, selfish boy and man, made of very different clay from Charles and Mary, and filling no place in their lives, excepting as the recipient of their unselfish affection and care.

Mary's trials began in early youth. Her father's mind had already become enfeebled, and her mother was for many years an invalid. Charles was obliged to take upon himself much of the care of the family when but fifteen years of age, and Mary added the milliner's trade to her home cares, which were no light ones. In 1795, after various family and some personal trials, Charles became the victim of an attack of insanity which lasted for six weeks; but even in his mental darkness he did not forget the sister whose happiness was ever his first care, as may be seen by some lines written in one of his lucid intervals:

"If from my lips some angry accents fell,
Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
'Twas but the error of a wayward mind
And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well
And waters clear of reason; and for me
Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
My verse, which thou to praise wast e'er inclined
Too highly, and with partial eye to see
No blemish. Thou to me didst ever show
Kindest affection; and would oftimes lend
An ear to the desponding, love-sick lay,
Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend."

Not long after Charles' recovery, the elder brother met with a serious accident, and came home to be nursed. This was more than Mary's already overtaxed strength could endure. She soon showed symptoms of insanity which increased so rapidly that before a physician could be summoned, her frenzy had reached its height, and the accident had occurred which, in an instant, caused the death of the mother by her daughter's hand. During the distressing days which followed, Charles retained both calmness and courage, and when Mary recovered sufficiently to appreciate what had occurred, she was able in spite of her great sorrow to realize that she was in no way responsible for the act, and to comfort herself with the remembrance of the years during which she had done her utmost for the mother, to whom she had always been most dutiful and affectionate. Only strong spirits could have thus risen above a grief so appalling in its circumstances,—only a brother as considerate as Charles could have selected the dark time following this grief, when Mary was still confined in an asylum, to gratify and surprise her with the dedication for a little volume of poems he was about to issue. I will quote a few words in which he speaks of this plan,—the thought which they express is one which cannot be too often suggested to us. He says: "There is a monotony in the affections which people living together, or as we do now, very frequently seeing each other, are apt to get into, a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise."

This is the dedication:

"The few following poems, creatures of the fancy and the feeling, in life's more vacant hours, produced for the most part by love in idleness, are with all a brother's fondness inscribed to Mary Anne Lamb, the author's best friend and sister."

His letters written at this time are most touching in their allusions to his sister and their constant testimony to her unselfishness, strength and nobility of character.

Mary did not return home until after her father's death, and this was allowed only upon the condition that Charles should be responsible for her acts. During the next forty years they shared the same home, excepting when Mary's frequently recurring attacks of insanity obliged her to return to the asylum. These separations, ever painful, were perhaps even more so to Charles than to Mary; but each suffered most for the other. A friend has written of meeting them "hand in hand, weeping bitterly, taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum," for Mary recognized the approach of her illnesses, prepared for them quietly, and when it became necessary generally told her brother that the sad time had come. Could anything be more pathetic? And yet in the book this is but the background or the shadow from which gleams of fancy, of genius, even of gaiety are continually flashing forth. It reminds one of a picture, in which though dark clouds are sweeping over the sky and the fury of a summer's storm is not yet past, the fair fields, made fertile by the shower, are smiling in the light of the sun, just breaking through the scattering clouds, and the distant rainbow is glowing with a beauty which the sunshine alone could never have given. These painful experiences would have discouraged devotion less loving and minds less strong; but this brother and sister kept their power of employment in all things good and beautiful, and through her whole life Mary drew to herself friends from the nobler spirits of her time,—men and women who gave her not only love and sympathy, but admiration and reverence. One friend says of her: "Mary's manners were easy, quiet, unpretending; to her brother gentle and tender always. She had often an upward look of peculiar meaning when directed towards him, as though to give him an assurance that all was well with her, and a way of repeating his words assentingly when he spoke to her. He once said to her with his peculiar mode of tenderness, beneath blunt, abrupt speech: 'You must die first, Mary.' She nodded with her little quiet nod and sweet smile: 'Yes, I must die first, Charles.' They were ever watchful of one another, she supplying a word he needed, even from the other end of the room, he noting instantly if any exciting topic were broached, and turning it aside with some desperate joke." Says another friend: "Little could any one, observing Miss Lamb in the habitual serenity of her demeanor, guess the calamity in which she had partaken, or the malady which frightfully checkered her life." She would have been remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition, the clearness of her understanding, and the gentle wisdom of all her acts and words, even if these qualities had not been presented in marvelous contrast to the distraction under which she suffered for weeks, latterly for months, in every year. Her character in all its essential sweetness was like her brother's, while by a temper more placid, a spirit of joy more serene, she was enabled to guide, to counsel, to cheer and to protect him, on the verge of the mysterious calamity from the depths of which she rose so often unruffled to his side. To a friend in any difficulty she was the most comfortable of advisers, the wisest of counsellors. Hazlitt used to say that he never met with a woman who could reason, and had met with only one thoroughly reasonable, the sole exception being Mary Lamb. Does this not seem a wonderful record! How it puts to shame our feeble efforts and accomplishment! How trifling seem our trials and disappointments, when reading of this noble, sunny character, so patient and hopeful through her years of suffering, so appreciative of all that could help and

comfort, so strong in the unselfishness which allowed no part of her life's shadow to fall upon others! She was a great favorite with the young, entering most heartily into their pleasures and interests, and to those friends into whose families had entered the affliction which darkened her own life, she was able to give wise, sympathetic counsel. To one who seemed depressed without cause, she advised the taking up of some object which would arouse interest and energy, and this advice she carried out in her own case, beginning the study of French and Italian when over fifty years of age, and finding it a pleasant and useful recreation.

It is probable that if Mary Lamb had been free from mental disturbance, her name would have become well known in the literary world, for in addition to the "Tales from Shakspeare" she wrote a number of stories and poems for children, and also some articles for more mature readers, published in periodicals. All of these were highly commended and some are still highly valued; but her pen was laid aside as soon as the pension, which Charles received upon his retirement from his clerkship in the India House, enabled them to live without anxious thought for the morrow.

Mary outlived her brother thirteen years, cheered and consoled by the kind friends who were so strongly attached to both. Robinson says: "Out of very love she was content to be the one left alone."

Almost nothing has been said of the friends of Charles and Mary, but the book tells of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Hazlitt, the Godwins and other well-known names, and gives charming letters written to and about them, and accounts of the pleasant visits interchanged. The author too has been neglected and the style of her writing quite ignored in this sketch, which cannot be called a review. Yet what criticism could be more gratifying than that expressed in the fact that in reading this little book we quite forget author and style, and find ourselves living with the Lambs and their friends, sharing their joys and sorrows and delighting in their utterances. One can hardly read the book without a desire to know more of the brave-spirited and true-hearted brother and sister, whose united names must ever be a synonym for courage, constancy, patience and unselfish love.

GOOD READING FOR CHILDREN.

A glance at the way reading is generally taught in our schools will convince any impartial observer that this subject is made the driest and the dreariest of all studies. In our graded schools, children generally read, on an average, an hour a day during the eight or nine years' course, at the rate of less than one book a year. The average child easily learns by heart in a few weeks all there is in the first three books, after that the constant repetitions are in the highest degree monotonous. There is nothing to attract his attention or stimulate his love for reading. The selections filling fourth, fifth and sixth readers are too often far above the mental grasp of the pupil, and are also of so fragmentary a nature as to be almost unintelligible to the average student. Word pronouncing, and that alone, is the only refuge of the teacher.

There can be no excuse on account of the cost, for the money now thrown away, and worse than thrown away, upon useless spelling books and mind-stupifying grammars, would purchase a rich supply of the best reading matter

the English language affords for every school in the land.

I have tried this experiment, and to my mind it is no longer an experiment. I have seen the children of the poorest and most ignorant parents taking from the library works upon history, travels, biography, and the very best fiction, exhibiting in their selection excellent taste, and showing from their manner how much they love such books. They would no more choose bad reading than they would choose bad food when wholesome is provided for them. Shameful neglect, I repeat, and not innate depravity, drives our children into by-ways and forbidden paths. Let no one preach long sermons on the depraved tendencies of the young until he has tried this simple, cheap, and practical way of avoiding an unnecessary evil.—*F. W. Parker, in Literary News Supplement.*

THE NAME.

Shakespeare!—to such name's sounding what succeeds
Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell—
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
With his soul only; if from lips it fell,
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,
Would own "Thou didst create us!" Naught impedes.
We voice the other name, man's most of might,
Awesomely, lovingly; let awe and love
Mutely await their working, leave to sight
All of the issue as, below, above,
Shakespeare's creation rises; one remove,
Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

—*Robert Browning, in the Pall Mall Gazette.*

ON HAVING THE COURAGE TO BE DEFEATED.

"The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified."
"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—*JOHN xii., 23, 32.*

Some, in contemplating the cross of Christ, are most touched by the thought of its suffering, its agony. To me, above all things else, shines its unquenchable faith! That central word "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," is a mighty word of confidence and trust. It suggests to me some thoughts on having the courage to be defeated. The closing of Christ's earthly life, was to all human sight—defeat. There was no glory in the cross in those days. It was simply the ancient equivalent of the gallows, with all its shame, and a hundredfold its pain. And we know Christ's shrinking from that cross. That agony in Gethsemane, that cry "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," was no divine mirage of prayer; no mere praying for the sake of example. I have no idea that it was a shrinking from the mere physical pain; it was surely the sorrow of leaving his great work, that work to which he had gone forth at God's call, that work which was more than life to him. To leave that work hardly yet begun,—nay, if he was "tempted at all points like as we are," it must sometimes have seemed—to leave it hopelessly lost and defeated. There is the deepest pathos of the cross! But yet, over all that, rises the power of his faith, that strong confidence that if he could have the courage of God's cause even to the death, that cause should yet triumph.

Well, we know how that faith was justified! The cruci-

fixion was the real beginning of Christ's work. His work did not really begin even in his disciples till the crucifixion tore away the veil of their mere Messianic ambition and left their hearts bare to the divine light of those great meanings of his gospel which they had never realized before. And then was the real beginning of his work in the world. The mere multitudes who gathered about him in Galilee or Jerusalem were only prophecies of what his work might be. It was not by multitudes that his work was done. The strongest things in Christian history are not its great apparent victories. Paul's work looks a grand success to us, as we see it in the long perspective of its world-wide results, but I doubt if it ever seemed much success to him. To make a few converts here and there; to leave a little band of praying, struggling Christians in the midst of great rich old-world cities like Corinth or Ephesus; and perhaps to hear, by and by, things that made his heart sick, of their backslidings—not much like victory, that! His courage, like his master's, had to be—the courage to be defeated. But still, out of those defeats have come the silent forces which renewed the decaying ancient world, and which are still moulding the world's best life to-day. And we in our turn have to take up those forces, or rather to let them take us up, and to try our part to make those forces prevail, to have the best life win, to cast out the evil spirits which still lurk in the ways and institutions of the world, to bring out of this eager turmoil of our busy age its noblest possibilities; and, at the heart of all this larger aim, to try to put something of these higher forces and principles into our own little work and struggle and care. And it comes to me as perhaps the initial lesson for all this;—the lesson to have the courage to be defeated; the lesson never to swerve from the right for the sake of immediate or quicker success; to keep on trying, right to the end, even though success does not come at all in sight;—the lesson that in this courage for present failure and defeat lies the surest pledge of ultimate victory.

I know the attraction and the power of success. Out in the world this is almost everything. "Nothing succeeds like success" is the common saying. Men will pardon almost anything to the man who succeeds—not only blunders and failures, but even wrongs and crimes. There have been few more atrocious crimes in history than the *coup d'état* by which Louis Napoleon made himself master of France. Perjury, the basest corruption of the army, remorseless slaughter; at the time the world held its breath in horror! And yet when it was consummated, when it seemed to have succeeded, when that gilded sepulchre of brilliant and rotten imperialism was reared above the blood-stained grave of liberty, how soon Europe was bowing before the conqueror, and English fashionables—yes and even fashionables from republican America—were begging for courtly introductions, and arguing that the past had better be overlooked. And so in lesser things. Let a man become a millionaire: does it matter much how he has got his wealth? Yes; something, with the best people; but not very much! He may have got it by wholesale cheating of the government; he may have got it by fraudulent contracts; he may have got it by a series of successful failures; he may have got it even by keeping a gambling hell:—never mind, when he has got it there will be plenty to dine at his table and drink of his wine, and to smooth over the ugly details of his past career. That is what success does!

However, I am not going to trouble myself with that aspect of the matter. I do not think that it is in such direc-

tions that lie the deepest and subtlest temptations of the desire to succeed. Perhaps the very subtlest temptations of success do not lie in any thoughts of personal advantage, but simply in one's love of one's work, and most of all, and most subtly of all, in one's longing for the success of life's nobler kinds of work. It is pleasant to succeed in the competitions and studies of one's youth; it is pleasant to succeed in the undertakings and enterprises of manhood; but what I have foremost in my mind, is, that kind of larger and nobler work which is most in line with the spirit that draws us into churches, the work which grows out of Patriotism, and Philanthropy, and Religion. I think of the great public objects into which men of the finer sort throw themselves, the useful movements and reforms which they take hold of, the beneficent institutions in which they get interested. They want to have these things succeed, they feel as if they must make them succeed. It is not a personal thing, it is not a selfish thing; it is the cause of truth, of goodness, of patriotism, of human welfare! It is in such things that there comes in the sternest test of faith and patience and moral heroism. It is such a temptation to feel that for a success so good, and so unselfish, almost anything is excusable. One must not be too scrupulous! Anything to keep the good cause from being lost! There is where the lesson comes in: to have the courage to be defeated.

See how that lesson is needed in the public life and statesmanship of to-day. Our parties, our leaders, our public men have very little to learn about the means of success. Political strife and conflict is reduced to a finer point than ever before,—not a dodge for gaining a point, winning an election, getting ahead of an opponent—not a point that they don't know—except this: the having the courage to be defeated. And yet, till they have this courage, they will never be able to do anything really strong or great in the world.

I do not wonder it seems hard to be defeated in such things. I have felt it so in England. Ten years ago, I saw, there, the Liberalism of the grandest statesmen England has ever known swept under by a great unreasoning reaction. And how did their party take it? They should have recognized, what was the fact, that it was partly caused by their own deterioration, from much of carelessness and something of corruption having grown upon them; and they should have gone bravely to work to clear their principles, map out real noble undertakings, and educate the people. But for a long time they did not even try to do this. They would not recognize that they were really defeated, they had not the courage to face that. They made believe it was a temporary lack of organization, or discipline, or something of that kind. So, they only tried new and keener tactics; they—I do not mean the noblest leaders, but the party organizers—fell into the very trickeries, corruptions, intimidations of their opponents. They said they must fight fire with fire; anything to reverse the defeat; anything to keep an election from being lost! Did it do any good? Never! It only delayed their learning of the real lesson of the reaction! That is how I have seen it in England,—and is it not very much the same here? Is it not the real trouble, that even those who stand for the truest principles and the best government so seldom have the courage to be defeated? They think it is better to win with dirty hands than to lose with clean ones. But is it so? Is there any real gain to a nation in any victory won by wrong or questionable means? No! A thousand times, no! The

real gains of history may have been by parties—I have no word to say against parties as such—but those gains have been by parties so alive with great and true ideas that they could even dare to be defeated.

The greatest men, the noblest movements all tell the same tale. It is not the lesson of Christ alone—who was tempted with this very temptation, to mix in a little of the Messianic glory the people looked for in order to win them, but who would be defeated sooner than swerve one hair's breadth from the pure religious work to which God called him. Look at Socrates,—so grandly simple and earnest in his last address to his judges; no fencing then, no hair-splitting sophistries to evade the accusations; plenty of that "Socratic" method, in all the rest of his life, but not then;—no technicalities—not even flight. How easily he might have persuaded himself that he could do most good by keeping alive, so as to go on with his teaching; but no! He had the courage to be defeated; and that defeat was his ultimate victory, and made Socrates more to mankind ever after, than he had ever been before. Or look at John Bunyan in Bedford Jail; twelve long years! And they offered him his liberty if he would promise not to preach. "If you let me out to-day, I will preach to-morrow," said he. But what a temptation! How easy to have reasoned that he might as well give the promise—for if he did not he must stay in prison and could not preach anyhow. Or, he might have taken the promise with a mental reservation—like a Broad Churchman signing the Articles,—and then got round it when once free. But no! he had the courage to be defeated. For how could he know that the Pilgrim's Progress which he should while away those lonely years in writing, would achieve a greater victory than any he could ever win by preaching?

* * * * *

And so I might keep putting it to you in endless ways. You young people starting in life, hold a high ambition before you! Try to make a success of whatever you undertake,—I do not want to preach any religion of slack effort or half-hearted work. But, have this noblest courage, too. Are you going into business? You may come to turning points where failure or success seem to depend upon some sharp practice. Have the courage to be defeated. Are you going into the law? You will be tempted sometimes to cook evidence, to tamper with a jury, in order to win your client's cause—tempted most when you know his cause is just. Have the courage to be defeated. By and by, may come the opening to some office; you will be told that if you would win, you must find some money, and ask no questions;—have the courage to be defeated! Is this hard? Of course it is. But what then? Said the French monk, St. Cyran, when he was besought to desist from some course of duty which was imperiling his life: "Sir, it is not necessary that I live, but it is necessary that I do the will of God!"

* * * * *

The hymn of such defeat is the hymn of the real victory. Not to-day; not to-morrow—perhaps not in our earthly sight at all,—and yet it is as sure as the law of gravitation! For this universe is God's; and from its inmost force to its outmost fibre it is on the side of truth and right. The poet sings mournfully of

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne," but it is not so. If truth dares be on the scaffold, by and by it will be on the throne. Yes, slowly through the sol-

emn sweeps of time the great righteous meanings of God work themselves clear, out of all the tangle and confusion of our earthly years. We know it is so in the everlasting fact of things. We see it in the larger view. Let us have faith in it also, for the small things of to-day and here! Amen.—*Rev. Brooke Herford in Every Other Saturday.*

The Unity Club.

OUTLINES FOR A STUDY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. HIS POETRY AND PROSE.

Planned for home-reading, and class-meetings, with written papers and conversations. The page-references are to the "Household Edition" of his poems. Consult "Biographical Sketch" by F. H. Underwood (Harper's Magazine, Jan. '81), and Review by E. C. Stedman (Scribner, May, 1882).

I.

THE POET LOWELL.

[1.] ELMWOOD. HOME SCENERY AND FRIENDS.

"We saw you a little toddling thing,
We knew you child and youth and man."

"Here beckoned the opening door."

"MY STUDY WINDOWS." { MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.
A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER.

Conversation.—House and garden,—secluded, yet near the high road. Lowell's ancestry; his father and mother. (Read "Sketch," by Underwood.) Influence of such parents on a child-poet? (Read Essay on Wordsworth, "Among My Books," pp. 207-8.) "Old friendships of a life-time" among the trees and birds. Did the boy Lowell "oölogize?" Lowell's upstairs room,—view across the "marshes;" legend over the alcove; his books. Lowell as a student. His young wife's poetical genius. Her poems,—"The Morning-Glory" published with Lowell's in the earlier editions.

[2.] THE HOME IN THE POET.

"Every look and every word
Which thou givest forth to-day,
Tell of the singing of the bird
Whose music stilled thy boyish play."

"—the many make the household,
But only one the home."

	PAGE.		PAGE.
MY LOVE.	5	FANCY'S CASUISTRY.	365
LOVE.	7	FABLE FOR CRITICS. [Introduc-	
SONG.	9	tion. "Once Snug."	116
SONG [O Moonlight.]	19	TO C. E. NORTON.	329
TO PERDITA, SINGING.	8	UNDER THE WILLOWS [old friends.]	332
L'ENVOI [opening and close.]	25	THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY.	375
THE DANDELIONS.	83	WINTER EVENING HYMN TO MY	
SHE CAME AND WENT.	90	FIRE.	363
THE CHANGELING.	90	AUF WIEDERSEHEN.	352
THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.	336	PALINODE.	352
THE WIND-HARP.	351	AFTER THE BURIAL.	353
INDIAN SUMMER REVERIE [Dear		THE DEAD HOUSE.	353
Marshes!—nineteen stanzas.]	71	THE CATHEDRAL [opening.]	393

SONNETS II. III. VIII. IX. X. XIII. XXVII.

Conversation.—The home quiet deepened by echoes of "the loud city's griefs and crimes." Glimpses of the boy, "recluse from playmates," making friends of trees and birds. Look, with the older boy and man, from that upper window, and share in Nature's "largess of variety." The Wife, who

"makes the home." Compare "My Love" and "Love" with Wordsworth's "She was a Phantom of Delight." What likeness,—and unlikeness? Wherein do they differ from Emerson's "Give all for Love?" Does Lowell think that Love is blind? Does true love always find, in every heart, "a family-likeness to its chosen one?" Meaning of "The Changeling,"—the weakness and the trust? Would its memories make the "House" alive or "dead" to you?

[3.] CAMBRIDGE IN THE POET.

"How with my life knit up is every well-known scene."

	PAGE.		PAGE.
INDIAN SUMMER REVERIE.	69	BIGLOW PAPERS. [The Village	
AN INVITATION.	344	School, in Introduction, 1st Series.]	162
UNDER THE WILLOWS. [parts]	329	UNDER THE OLD ELM (I.)	410
MIDNIGHT.	15		
BEAVER BROOK.	100		

Essays.

FIRESIDE TRAVEL. [Cambridge Thirty Years Ago.] WORDSWORTH, pp. 205-6; 218.

Conversation.—Is Cambridge a mere locality? Why are we all poets over our childhood's home? Do you find in the "Reverie" a hint of the year in which it was written? Lowell's school-days and holidays. Who else has celebrated the "village blacksmith?" The "bee-hive" and its memorial? One of Lowell's character pictures,—a manufacturer of history. To whom was "The Invitation" addressed? The object and requirements of travel? Could the small portmanteau hold Lowell's outfit? Advantages of the New World over the Old? Any "amazingly old" things here? Manners of "Thirty Years Ago?" Changes,—improved? Road pictures in Cambridge? Portraits of the elders whom Lowell saw "as a boy,"—how many do you find? Lowell's distinction between genius and talent. Which, or both, has he? Why does Lowell think there are fewer "Humors" now than in the old time? But is not personal independence growing? Has the greater emphasis, now laid on freedom in religion, anything to do with this?

II.

LOWELL'S IDEAL OF THE POET.

*"—it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
The something pervading, uniting the whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul."*

[1.] THE POET'S THEMES.

*"—while the world is left, while nature lasts
And man the best of nature, there shall be
* * * * *
Some freshness, some unused material
For wonder and for song."*

	PAGE.		PAGE.
L'ENVOI, after Sonnets.	25	GOLD EGG.	369
L'ENVOI TO THE MUSE.	390	FINDING OF THE LYRE.	338
UNDER THE WILLOWS [O Benedic- tion, Myself was lost.]	332	INVITA—MINERVA.	359
IN THE TWILIGHT.	375	SONNET XXV.	25
FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.	339	THE FOOT-PATH.	376
		"AMONG MY BOOKS," 2 VOLS.	

Conversation.—Compare the first two poems,—their difference and its causes? Does "task-setting" belong to the Intellect or the Imagination? ("Wordsworth" pp. 238-9.) "The Poets in the ages glad,"—who are they and what their peculiar quality? Is any modern poet to be compared with them? (Shakespeare, pp. 176-205, 226.) May our New Land hope for another, such as these? (Read Gudrida's prophecy in "Voyage to Vineland," 357.) Can you follow Lowell's "Foot-path,"—what does it mean?

[2.] THE POET'S MISSION.

*"And shapes of glory floated all about him
And whispered to him, and he prophesied."*

	PAGE.		PAGE.
ODE.	11.	INCIDENT IN R. R. CAR.	44
FABLE FOR CRITICS [near; close —my friends.]	149	SINGING LEAVES.	337
SONNETS XIV-XIX.	22	SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.	44
GHOST SEER.	84	THE OAK [close.]	77
		"AMONG MY BOOKS," VOL. 2.	
		["Spenser," 166-176, "Dante," 38, 39, 48, 52, 122.]	

Conversation.—Lowell's ideal of the poet's mission? Is it the same for every poet, or does it vary, as their methods do? Compare Dante and Spenser—is their difference that of aim or method; or deeper than either? Direct or indirect teaching—which is the more effective? (Read "Shakespeare," 222-227.) The poet as "transmuter" of other men's thoughts? ("My Study Windows," 233.)

[3.] THE POET CONFESSING.

*"You know me and my jesting mood,
Mere surface-foam, for pride concealing
The purpose of my deeper feeling."*

	PAGE.		PAGE.
FABLE FOR CRITICS, [There is Lowell]	146	TO C. E. NORTON.	329
HOSEA BIGELOW TO THE EDITOR, [opening]	285	FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.	371
SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE, [opening]	269	ODE TO HAPPINESS.	367
		FANCY'S CASQUETRY.	365
		A MOOD.	354

Conversation.—What true poet quality shines through Lowell's satire of himself in the "Fable?" Is he right about "the armada of chips?" Does Lowell's "Epistle" answer to his ideal letter? Does his summing up of the case—youth vs. age—seem to you jest or earnest? Is this confession alike in all the poets you know? In all men? Ought it to be so? "Happiness," "Peace," "Tranquility,"—are these names rightly given in the poem? Which is best? (Compare Wordsworth's Ode, "Intimations of Immortality.") What is the spirit of that poem? Can you outline Lowell's Ideal Poet?

(To be continued.)

So much matter of a literary character presses upon our space in this issue that we limit ourselves to one letter on the "Ten Great Novels." The following is from Miss Ella A. Giles, Librarian of the public library at Madison, Wisconsin:

A stamped envelope bearing your address, still in my possession, makes it finally a matter of conscience to reply to your question about great novels.

Nearly five years experience in a free public library has impaired my critical faculties. The real demand, in a large majority of cases, being for "something new," and the old and standard works being so often rejected, if not despised, has caused me to be somewhat skeptical when people furnish lists of those books only which it sounds well to call "the best." There is much literary superstition, bigotry and narrowness in this matter of fiction. May there not also be some insincerity, hesitation to give an opinion lest it conflict with popular ideas, etc? Some people approve Ouida's novels far more highly than they own. Others, who object to them most strongly, have never read them. While her books deserve some of the censure they get, there is, I think, more prejudice afloat than should exist among the really intelligent.

Have you ever read Ouida's "Puck?" It is one of the most eloquent and touching appeals for humaner sentiments in the world that I have seen in literature. Our Humane Societies ought to distribute copies everywhere. Although "only a dog" Puck is as brave as advanced human thinkers. All dogs should know that one dog has spoken for them; that their aspirations, emotions and convictions have been given to the world by means of a woman's wonderful genius. However much Ouida may be

condemned, she merits the blessing of countless millions of slaughtered animals for her brave, tender words in their behalf. I can almost revere the spirit of one who has spoken so grandly and with such significance for the dumb witnesses that stand among us forever silent; speaking only with their strange, appealing eyes.

But here is my list, which I send later than I ought to have done in strict accordance with your request: Villa on the Rhine, Last Days of Pompeii, Daniel Deronda, Puck, David Copperfield, Put Yourself in His Place, Les Misérables, Vanity Fair, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Jane Eyre.

The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing The Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

THOREAU'S NEW VOLUME.*

The character of Thoreau, his mode of life and his literary method, are so unique that we must always be glad of anything from his pen telling us a little more of the man. This last volume, consisting of selections descriptive of Summer, from Thoreau's diary, will be thankfully received by all lovers of literature, for it reveals much of what may be called Thoreau's intellectual life. These selections describe the daily excursions of their author into the fields, woods and hills, what he saw there and how he saw. He rambles along, describing everything that strikes his eye. Now he studies the "birth of shadows," again "the varying colors of leaves" as the days pass by, and then again the colors of the mountains in different lights. Besides these descriptions he jots down in his diary the thoughts and emotions that nature excites within him.

What is the worth of the book? In the first place, "Summer," like all the other works of Thoreau, is invaluable to every one who wishes to get an accurate knowledge of New England still life, for Thoreau describes the different appearances of nature as no one else has done. No matter how elusive the scene, he invariably knows just what hues, just what forms compose it. Thoreau is a great landscape word-painter, and as such his subtle descriptions are well worth study.

Another excellence, one closely allied to this of accurate description, is that "Summer" is filled with the poetic impressions, the ideas, that different objects in nature suggested. In one sense these impressions make the chief excellence of the book, and yet they are its weakest part. They are of value because they show Thoreau's method of looking at nature, the only rational method. They are weak because they are of no particular depth and truth.

Thoreau's method of regarding nature is the only true one. He gazed upon a landscape until it suggested a distinct thought. This is the rational way to study nature as it is, to study life in all its departments. If a landscape excite some deep emotion in a man, he should ponder over the meaning of that emotion until its connection with the landscape and with his own mind is clear to him—that is, until it suggests some definite idea. Now the ideas that will be suggested by the sight of a dark pine forest, by the flight of birds, or by the delicate tints of sunset are deep and true only as the spectator's mind has been made re-

ceptive and active by inspiration from the works of genius and by intercourse with his fellow-men. Whoever goes to Thoreau for deep truths suggested by nature will be disappointed. In spite of much that has been said to the contrary, Thoreau was not a profound thinker. His retiring, almost misanthropic disposition and his secluded life making him prefer the silence of the woods to the busy hum of the town, developed a one-sided nature, and consequently rendered his generalizations narrow.

Not for thoughts, then, is "Summer" interesting or valuable. Its chief merits are first its accurate descriptions, and then secondly that it illustrates Thoreau's method of studying nature, the same method which Thoreau's great friend, Emerson, used in studying every department of life. To a man spending the greater part of the year between the brick walls of a city house, this volume will come like a breath of fresh air laden with the fragrance of the lilac and the clover. To the student of life, besides charming by its descriptions, "Summer" will suggest the right way of considering the world, and by its limitations will show that he who aspires to be a catholic thinker must not fly to the woods in disgust with civilized life, but must devote as much attention and thought to man with his sorrows and joys as to the birds or trees or skies.

S. M. H.

A WESTERN JOURNEY WITH MR. EMERSON.*

James Bradley Thayer of Cambridge, Mass., gives us in a volume of 141 pages, bound in parchment paper covers, a delightful record of a journey by railroad, from Boston to California, made in the spring of 1871. A party of twelve persons including Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mr. Thayer met by appointment in Chicago, and thence proceeded in a private Pullman car to San Francisco. The excursionists halted a few hours at Salt Lake City and made a rather unsatisfactory call upon Brigham Young. They spent ten days at San Francisco and interesting places near it on the Pacific coast, and then gave two weeks to the Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Grove before their return home.

Almost any admirer of Emerson, on taking up the book, will be likely to read it through before laying it down. Originally written to be read to a club, it is at last deservedly printed in its present attractive form. Remarkably free from the affectation of fine writing, it is full of graphic touches like this:

"In the freshness of the morning we crossed a wide grassy meadow, and admired the magnificent array of mountains that made the valley walls about us,—the 'Royal arches,' whose great curves delighted Mr. Emerson; the helmet-like North Dome above them; and, opposite, resting against the sky, the great Half Dome, cleft straight down, as with an axe, like the eastern front of Gibraltar. We were fascinated in watching the little foaming streams that slid and fell along their sides; sometimes they were dropping over a shelf of rock and dispersing in vapor, like a puff of frosty breath, before they found the earth; or a broader sheet of water, like a great ribbon, would come falling down, and be blown off and scattered,—yet with a pretty wavering this way and that, while some of the delicate threads slowly held their way and descended upon the rock below."

While with the taste and delicate tact of a true gentleman the writer declines "to play the part of a mere Boswell," yet he gives from recollection some notes of Emerson's conversation which the reader would be sorry to miss:

"Had I heard his lecture at San Francisco on Resources? At

*SUMMER. From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, pp. 382. \$1.50.

*A WESTERN JOURNEY WITH MR. EMERSON. By James Bradley Thayer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. 1884. 50 cents.

the end of that he had crowded some things which he had said at Cambridge in a lecture on *Inspiration*. And then going on he spoke of the difference in one's moods: 'On one day a man is an angel in his ambition and his power; on the next he is a fool. One goes to bed at night not worth a sixpence, and rises a new man. Now it is the aim of prudent living to find the sources of this inspiration,—the *honest* sources of it; for one man seeks it in hashish, and so on. Well, sleep is one of these sources.'"

A pleasant episode of their experience in the Yosemite is thus gracefully told:

"That evening (Monday) there came an admiring, enthusiastic letter for Mr. Emerson from M. a young man living in the valley, and tending a saw-mill there. He was a Scotchman by birth, who had come to this country at the age of eleven, and was a graduate at Madison University, in Wisconsin" [meaning the University of Wisconsin, at Madison.] "Some friends near San Francisco had written him that Mr. Emerson was coming, and they had also told Mr. Emerson about him. He had read Mr. Emerson's books, but had never seen him, and wrote now with enthusiasm, wishing for an opportunity to come to him. The next morning Mr. Emerson asked my company on horseback for a visit to M. So he mounted his pied mustang, and we rode over, and found M. at the saw-mill alone. He was an interesting young fellow, of real intelligence and character, a botanist mainly, who, after studying a year or two at Madison, had 'zigzagged his way,' he said, 'to the Gulf of Mexico, and at last had found this valley, and had got entangled here,—in love with the mountains and flowers; and he didn't know when he should get away.' He had built the saw-mill for Hutchings, and was now working it. He had heretofore tended sheep at times,—even flocks of twenty-five hundred. Occasionally he rambled among the mountains, and camped out for months; and he urged Mr. Emerson, with an amusing zeal, to stay and go off with him on such a trip. He lodged in the saw-mill, and we climbed a ladder to his room. Here he brought out a great many dried specimens of plants which he had collected, and hundreds of his own graceful pencil-sketches of the mountain and forest trees, and gave us the botanical names, and talked of them with enthusiastic interest. All these treasures he poured out before Mr. Emerson and begged him to accept them. But Mr. Emerson declined; wishing leave, however, to bring his friends to see them."

This young naturalist was Mr. John Muir, who is well remembered by the older members of the Faculty of the University of Wisconsin, and who was a student fertile in resources and of great promise.

Those who have had the good fortune to meet Mr. Emerson and to talk with him will appreciate Mr. Thayer's admirable description of an ideal *compagnon de voyage*:

"How can Mr. Emerson," said one of the younger members of the party to me that day, 'be so agreeable all the time, without getting tired!' It was the *naïve* expression of what we all had felt. There was never a more agreeable traveling companion; he was always accessible, cheerful, sympathetic, considerate, tolerant; and there was always that same respectful interest in those with whom he talked, even the humblest, which raised them in their own estimation. One thing particularly impressed me,—the sense that he seemed to have of a certain great amplitude of time and leisure. It was the behavior of one who really believed in an immortal life, and had adjusted his conduct accordingly; so that, beautiful and grand as the natural objects were, among which our journey lay, they were matched by the sweet elevation of character and the spiritual charm of our gracious friend."

A. K.

"Life at Puget Sound," by Caroline C. Leighton, which UNITY noticed some time since, is meeting with a remarkably favorable reception from the best critics. Mr. James Parton, than whom few could be found better qualified to judge of a book of this character, says that it

has a twofold attraction, in that it discloses to us a region of the earth full of beautiful and wonderful objects, and in the midst thereof a human mind not less extraordinary. It is a book quite

by itself. In all my reading I have met with only one mind so quick and true to observe as hers, and that was the mind of Charles Darwin. This book should stand side by side with the immortal narrative of his five years' voyaging in the 'Beagle.' Darwin's knowledge she does not possess, though she is a woman well versed in the natural sciences, as also in the literature of all times. She has, however, all of Darwin's clearness and certainty of vision, all his unconscious mental honesty, and something more than his graphic power of record. Mrs. Leighton gives us the poetry of things, as well as the prose. On nearly every page of her book of 258 pages there is a picture so striking and so new that it only needs painting to become famous.

Joseph Y. Bergen, Jr., long and favorably known in this city from his connection with the High School here, and Fanny D. Bergen have written a book* which is destined to correct many false ideas which are current as to what is meant by "Evolution." The book is designed for general readers, and technical terms have, as far as possible, been avoided. The book is well written, handsomely printed, and has a good index, and in its ten chapters gives the various arguments in favor of the doctrine, without dogmatism. We know of no other single book which will do as much to correct the false opinions prevalent concerning the development theory as this, and Evolutionists owe a vote of thanks to the accomplished authors for presenting the arguments in so clear a light.

J. C.

It is sadly sure that success in life, the success which consists chiefly in rising from poverty to wealth, is, with very rare exceptions, the accompaniment and the consequence of a certain hardness of nature. Successful men are those who make hard bargains with the world, and hardly hold to them. If to this quality they add tact, the power of managing, the power of personally pleasing those with whom they are brought in contact; and if, moreover, they have brilliant talents, their success attains the point of splendor. All these qualities seem to have been Shakespeare's; all this success he certainly did attain.—Richard Grant White in *August Atlantic*.

"The Shadow of the War"† seems to be, and is, a fair attempt at the description of the classes of men and the course of events in the South after the war. The writer has seen something of the good and bad qualities of the various classes who met in business and social life, and out of the chaos of Southern life attempted to organize a new community. The book very well shows the nature of the heterogeneous elements to be united and the difficulties of the problem. As a story the book is of moderate interest.

G. B.

Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. have issued the first number of the *Chatauqua Young Folks' Journal*, an illustrated monthly of 32 large pages, published at the low price of 75 cents per annum. The present number contains the first of a series of sketches by Edward Everett Hale on "Boys' Heroes"—the particular hero this time being Hector.

We learn that the beautiful poem entitled "The Voice in the Twilight," which was printed in UNITY of July 16th without the author's name, is from the pen of Mrs. Johnson,

*THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY: THE STUDY OF EVOLUTION SIMPLIFIED FOR GENERAL READERS. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: The Colegrove Book Co. \$1.25.

†THE SHADOW OF THE WAR. A Story of the South in Reconstruction Times. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

wife of the prominent Presbyterian minister, Dr. Herrick Johnson of this city. The verses first appeared several years ago, and are included in a volume of the author's poems.

That well known missionary of culture, John B. Alden, is issuing a monthly called *The Book-Worm* at the nominal price of 25 cents per annum. The current number contains a chapter from Rawlinson's Seven Great Monarchies.

Robert Collyer is to publish in the *Current* a series of articles entitled "Of Notebooks and Journals," of which the first appeared in the issue of August 16.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnals, of New York, have just issued in one volume a history of Brahmoism in India, from its origin to the present time.

Received since our last issue:

THE PRINCESS. A Medley. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, A. M. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. 1884. Square 16mo., cloth, red edges. 75 cents.

WORDS: THEIR USE AND ABUSE. By William Matthews, LL. D. New edition from new plates. Revised and greatly enlarged. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1884. 12mo, pp. x, 494. \$2.00.

Correspondence.

THE CHURCH AT TREMONT.

Twenty-seven miles west from Bloomington, in Tazewell county, Illinois, lies the village of Tremont. Here, on the ninth day of November, 1848, a Unitarian Church was organized and christened "The Church of the Messiah." This was eleven years prior to the birth of the Free Congregational Church of Bloomington, and how near to the oldest Unitarian organization in the State of Illinois the writer hereof is unable to tell.

Six laymen, it appears, drew up the preamble, adopted the constitution, joined the new church, and then and there, as the record goeth, closed out the business, apparently satisfied with what they had done. I gather from private sources that a minister was employed for six months, but no hint of this or of any subsequent action of the "Church of the Messiah" appears in the chronicle of that early movement. The next entry in the clerk's book is dated April 17, 1860, and tells the story of the re-organization of the society, to be known henceforth as the "Liberal Christian Church" of Tremont, its object being "the religious improvement of its members and the promotion of Liberal Christianity."

To the new declaration twenty-six names were signed, and a committee was appointed "to prepare plans and estimates for a church building." One week later this committee reported a plan to cost some \$1,200, and a new committee set out to solicit subscriptions. In eleven days this committee reported that they had obtained \$930, and a building committee was chosen.

The enthusiasm of the little band quickly took real shape in sill and beam and rafter, even to the finishing of the church-home. A minister was sought and found, and the book of church history was again opened.

Ambitious prospects shone before the villagers of Tremont. For was it not the county seat, and did not the great lawyers of the State, among them Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln, come to sojourn there at stated seasons, and who could calculate the possibilities of the rich agricultural resources of the immediate vicinity!

But as the years went by a rival village sprang up not many miles removed and bore away the county seat in triumph. And soon the tide of emigration set in to carry off the good people one by one, and silently through the door-way of death another and another passed out of sight. The Liberal Church was greatly weakened. It gave of its strength to other centers of influence, to Chicago, to San Francisco, to Bloomington, to Peoria; and shorn of its strength it stood there the witness of what it had been to the true and earnest people who laid its foundations. The only sign of life in it for years was a course of lectures given on week-day evenings by neighboring ministers. From this course of lectures the society netted a hundred dollars, with which it was voted "to shingle the church." The shingles were bought and carted to the church door and there they lay for a year or so, until one Saturday in December last the minister-at-large for the State put in an appearance. The doors of the old house were once again opened for religious service, and there was soon a commotion on the roof and the new shingles glistened in the sun.

It was resolved to re-open regularly for monthly services. Presently the ladies organized and took things in hand. They raised a fund of their own, cleansed and in a degree refurnished the interior of the church, and supplied its pews with Unity Hymns and Chorals. The eighth monthly meeting in July was observed as Flower Sunday with an *esprit de corps* that was charming to see. The decorations were elaborate and in admirable taste. Then, the spirited singing, the excellent recitations by the children, the close attention to the "Sermon of the Lily," the distribution of the daintiest little flower gifts to the house full of people, all strung upon the beautiful service of "The Sunday of Flowers," made a day replete with happiness and bright hopes.

One month later brought to the little church its two largest congregations, some of the people, counting coming and going, driving twenty miles to attend its two services. And the large element of youth gave to the congregation a bright and hopeful aspect.

On the Wednesday following an evening entertainment at the hospitable home of Mr. John Buckley, two miles in the country, brought together a company of two hundred people or more, many coming from the neighboring towns several miles away. It is not to be supposed that all these people came out of an undivided interest in Liberal Christianity. But it shows what a wide social recognition is accorded to our little country parish with its one service a month.

The church is too weak to indulge the luxury of a settled pastor, but as I look about on the good earnest people who have stood by it for so many years, and the bright, interested faces of the young, I feel that it is too important as a center of religious influence to be left out in the cold, and unless Tremont appears in the next Western Unitarian Directory as one of the "organized societies" of Illinois, we shall have to ask our worthy Western Secretary to rise and explain.

JOHN R. EFFINGER.

Bloomington, Aug. 17, 1884.

Little Unity.

ECHO.

In the palmy days of Greece, a little shepherd girl was accustomed to watch her flocks on the sunny slopes of her mountain home. One morning as she listened to the murmur of the distant stream and thought of how many a tale its music could tell that would enliven the weary monotony of her duties, she sped away to enjoy its companionship with all the eager anticipations that come only "when hearts are light and life is new." But the merry little stream ignored her presence and flowed laughing and sparkling on till she called to it to stop and talk with her; then, to her surprise and anger, it only threw back her words and dashed on as before. Again and again she called, but, whether demanding or pleading, the result was the same. Yet so great was the fascination the little stream possessed for her, that, whether in the soft gloom of the star-lit night or the broad glare of the mid-day sun, she wandered near it, hearing only the patter of her own foot-steps or the repetition of her own words. At length her body went where the flame of a candle goes when it is blown out, but her voice sought an abiding place in the beautiful dells surrounding her beloved stream and has ever since been known as its Echo.

CYNTHIA ELDERBLOW.

THE FLORA OF THE UPLANDS.

A WALK AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

From the door of the Sunset House lies spread before us the valley, with its yellow fields and fringes of tree and bush, through which flows the tumbling, chattering south branch of the Ammonoosuc; and beyond the rise the foothills of the Franconia range, the grand mass of Lafayette forming the central figure. Northward the heights of Franconia subside and far away are seen the highest peaks of the Presidential range or White Mountains, outlined in blue and gray points against the summer sky. All day we see the mists creeping through the Profile Gap—a sign of rain. This gray sky and the wind smelling of distant showers need not keep us indoors. The boys are always ready; Aunt Carrie ties on her shady poke hat, and as we go, Alice, the farmer's little girl, comes running to ask that she may go too. All the roadside is thick with green and blossoming growth. How the ferns are huddled under the bushes!—the delicate, plummy ostrich fern, and one of the tall osmundas, while close by the roadside start the broad triangular pale green fronds of the sensitive fern. "O, see the wild roses! I thought they were all gone." "So they are" said Aunt Carrie. "But see them!" cries Robbie, and hastens to gather them. "Ho! these are not rose leaves, and where are the thorns?" he adds later. "Mulberries," remarks Alice with a superior air. It is the flowering raspberry, but its bright, rose-like blossoms twinkle in the thickets as if it knew it was masquerading as the wild rose. "Let's gather some flowers for mother," proposed Robbie; and the mock roses are the first of the nosegay. But he passed by the slender stems of the tall yellow clovers, more common than the clumps of red ones or even than the occasional mats of the low white clover. "I'll help," said Alice, snatching some heads of blue heal-all.

"Humph! wait till we find something pretty," said Teddy, who formed the van of our party. "She won't care for those common blue clovers." "They are not clovers," shouts Alice. "How do you know?" cavils Robbie. "They don't have clover leaves." No; and we stop to examine. See the unequal lobes of the corolla; take off the corolla and look in the throat of the green cup-like calyx; do you see the four green nutlets that will make four seeds when ripe! Then notice that the stem is square, and we know it for one of the great family-mints.

"Let me see," cries Robbie, and sniffing at it, he adds, "it does not smell like mint—nor taste like it."

But it is a mint, though its flavor is not noticeable.

"Here is a pink one!" shouts Teddy. "How bristly it is!"

Yes, and there are some white ones around that wet spot.

"Mints, like clovers, are of all colors," said Rob.

"Never a yellow mint, and never a blue clover," laughed Aunt Carrie.

"O what great white ones!" and Alice scrambled up to the stone wall to gather some stems bearing large white inflated blossoms.

"That isn't a mint," said Teddy. "It's too smooth."

"Yes, only the flower is larger," said Alice. The blossom is shaped like the head of a turtle or snake and it is often named from that; but look at the stem.

"It is round," said Robbie.

"And see this seed-vessel where the flower has fallen. It is flattened and divided into two cells with many little seeds in each. This kind of pod with the irregular flower showed the figwort family. The blossoms are often similar to the mints, but the seeds and stems show the difference.

"What a pretty vine!"

"Wild bean," said Alice.

"It doesn't look much like other beans," said Teddy, tearing out of the thicket a delicate vine with shining dark stem, yellowish arrow-shaped leaves, and graceful tassels of little white flowers.

"That's the name of it," returns Alice.

"It is not a bean at all," declares Robbie.

"What is it, Aunt Carrie?"

Here are some tassels that have gone to seed. And here is one shining black three-cornered seed from each flower, like buckwheat. It must be the climbing false buckwheat. Let us tie this long wreath about Teddy. It is the easiest way to carry it home.

"I want a wreath too," said Alice. And we wrapped her in the twining stems of the white clematis, and Robbie was decked in the pale leaves and pink-tinted flowers of wild morning glory or "black bindweed"—why called *black* we cannot guess. Then the tall wands and rich red flowers of the fireweed attracted them and a few stems were gathered for mother's bouquet. Seated on a sloping rock we examine the gay flower, its four bright petals arranged as if to give space for a fifth that is wanting, its long style with four-pronged stigma, and the long square pod below the flower like a part of its stem.

"Why, Auntie, the pod is just like the one in the wee pink flower we found beside the door-step yesterday," said Robbie.

"Yes, that was the Alpine species, and dwarfed, while this—sometimes called great willow herb because its leaves are so like those of the willow—is found in the lowlands also. Sunset Hill among the mountains furnishes both species."

"I've found some pretty ones over in the swamp," and

Alice comes with hands full of great clusters of pink and yellow flowers, and with very muddy shoes.

"Oh!" cries Aunt Carrie, "You have the pink orchis. How beautiful! See the delicate fringed petals, and what great clusters!"

"Yes, I thought they looked rather pretty," said Alice, sharing the flowers with the boys judiciously.

"What are the yellow flowers," asks Teddy.

"Loose-strife," replies Aunt Carrie, scarce noticing the cheerful starry clusters in admiring the orchids.

"But this pink flower has a pod like the fire-weed," said Robbie.

"Not quite. Bring me the yellow flower just beside you."

"This evening-primrose?"

"Yes. This has a straight pod beneath the flower and if we open the largest one we find it has four cells though it is not so plainly square in its shape. The fire-weed, the tiny alpine flower and this yellow primrose, are all members of the evening primrose family. This orchis has, it is true, a pod placed beneath the flower, but it is round and somewhat curved, not square and straight; it has also but one cell instead of four. And see the long slender spur of each flower, and the beautiful three lobed fringed lower petal.

"Oh, I see some purple ones!" And Teddy sprang away to return with two stalks of yet richer flowers. The color being rather purple than pink, the blossoms slightly larger than the delicate pink species and more profusely clustered on the stem, and all heavy with a rich fragrance, we voted this to be the queen of the Upland Flora, and formed a sort of triumphal procession to carry it home to the "mother."

L. M. T.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

"Tick," the clock says, "tick, tick, tick!
What you have to do, do quick!
Time is gliding fast away,
Let us act and act to-day.

"When your mother speaks, obey;
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick,
What you have to do, do quick!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

HARRY'S KNIFE.

Harry never tired of looking at his new penknife. He thought his big cousin Jack a very nice young man because he chose him so fine a birthday present. And then, all at once, he blushed.

No wonder Harry blushed. Here it was three o'clock, and cousin Jack's rabbits had not been shut up and fed yet! And such mischief as the little brown hungry rogues had made in the garden. And cousin Jack had asked him to feed them, give them a run on the lawn, and then shut them in their pen!

And there was cousin Jack just driving up from town, where he had been all day. He looked surprised, for he saw the rabbits leaping up the terrace and down again. Without a word he helped Harry catch the rogues and shut them up. "Now, jump in the carriage," said he, "and I'll take you where your knife was made." Harry was surprised when they stopped at the grim old iron foundry. Cousin

Jack picked up a piece of iron mixed with clay. "Here's stuff for a dozen bright knife-blades," said he.

Then Harry saw the men put the rough iron into a stove with limestone and charcoal and burn it. Then he saw the melted iron pour out like a stream of fire from a hole in the bottom of the stove into beds of sand.

"When this iron is cold," said cousin John, "they call it pig-iron. It is not nice enough yet for birthday knife-blades. Besides, it would break and crumble if they tried to shape it now."

They put the pig-iron into the fire again and heated it gently, so that it was softer. "Now," continued cousin Jack, smiling, "it is malleable iron. It can be pounded flat and shaped without breaking."

Next it was pounded flat, then heated hot and cut into knife-blades, then plunged into cold water several times, then polished, then sharpened, and at last it was ready to be set into the handle.

"Knife-handles," said cousin Jack, "are made from elephant-tusks, ox and buffalo-horns, cocoa-wood and shells of pearl-oysters."

"Mine is a pearl one," said Harry, "and I wish I had fed your rabbits and shut them up."—*Our Little Men and Women.*

THE LITTLE LAZY CLOUD.

A pretty little cloud away up in the sky,
Said it didn't care if the earth was dry;
It was having such a nice time sailing all around,
It wouldn't, no it wouldn't, tumble on the ground.

So the pretty little lilies hung their aching heads,
And the golden pansies cuddled in their beds;
The cherries couldn't grow a bit—you would have pitied them,
They'd hardly strength to hold on to the little slender stem.
By and by the little cloud felt a dreadful shock,
Just as does a boat when it hits upon a rock,—
Something ran all through it, burning like a flame,
And the little cloud began to cry as down to earth it came.

And old Grandpa Thunder as he growled away,
Said, "I thought I'd make you mind 'fore another day;
Little clouds were meant to fall when the earth was dry,
And not go a-sailing round way up in the sky."
And old Grandma Lightning, flirting to and fro,
Said, "What were you made for, I would like to know,
That you spend your precious time sailing all around,
When you know you ought to be buried in the ground."

But the lilies and the pansies all began to bloom,
And the cherries grew and grew till they took up all their room;
And by and by the little cloud with all its duty done,
Was caught up by a rainbow and allowed a little fun.

TO-DAY.

To-day is the summit
Of duty and life,
The path of endeavor,
The arena of strife.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Wee Fannie bit her tongue, and came in crying bitterly. "What is it?" asked her mother. "Oh, mamma!" she sobbed, "my tooth stepped on my tongue!"

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Notes from the Field.

DENVER.—Rev. Thos. J. Van Ness, of the Cambridge Divinity School, who has been preaching in Boulder, Colo., for some months past, has been called unanimously to the pastorate of the church at Denver. We understand that he will begin work there about the first of October.

MADISON, WIS.—Rev. J. H. Crooker officiated at the funeral services of Mrs. Charlotte E. Lewis, wife of H. M. Lewis, Esq., on Aug. 18th. The exercises, attended by a large number of the numerous friends of the deceased, were very impressive. Mr. Crooker referred most touchingly to the many virtues of this rare and gifted woman, whose life was a benediction. Untiring in her devotion as daughter, wife and mother, her warm and generous heart, full of sympathy, led her to earnest and untiring efforts for the blessing and uplifting of humanity. A graceful writer,—she was for many years a prominent member of the Madison Literary Club, before which she read many interesting papers. She had charge of the floral and horticultural department of the *Western Farmer*, and was the efficient secretary of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society. She was a leading spirit in the Wisconsin Authors' Club. But she was especially known and loved for her active charity. One of her last good deeds was the organization of the Madison Flower Mission, which her friends will cheerfully carry forward for her sake.

UNITARIAN GROVE MEETING.—In our last issue we gave a brief account of the meeting at Weirs, N. H., which was kindly furnished us by Rev. S. S. Hunting, who participated in the exercises. A few additional particulars may be of interest. On the afternoon of the opening day Rev. E. F. Haywood, of Boston, preached on immortality, the audience numbering, according to a Boston daily, about 1,000. On the afternoon of the second

day, Rev. T. B. Hornbrooke, of Newton, Mass., preached, taking his text from the story of the Israelites' march through the wilderness. "We sometimes think," he said, "that if we could have lived in some other time, or have remained contented with some past form of religious thought, we would be happier and better off than we are Mighty changes can never be effected without producing some partial suffering and inconvenience, and the only question to ask ourselves is whether the principles for which we earnestly contend are not worth infinitely more than the price we are paying for them. . . . Truth is not to be found by going back, but by moving forward on the line we have taken." Other papers and sermons of great interest were read, among the speakers being Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Rev. H. B. Carpenter and Rev. H. Price Collier.

VACATION PREACHING.—In addition to the delights of the wildwoods and weekday vacations referred to elsewhere, the editor of this paper found his vacation the more delightful for the privilege it afforded him of making a missionary circuit among old friends on Sundays. He found the exhilaration of his Sunday services a profitable help rather than a detraction to his summer recruiting. On the 6th of July, as already alluded to in these columns, he stood with his Brother Blake in the pulpit of the Third Church of Chicago, and took part in a patriotic service; on the 13th it was a privilege to stand with Mr. Gordon, whose fair city of Milwaukee is becoming such a worthy summer resort that July and August prove too profitable working months to give him rest. Brother Gordon never seemed more strong and many-sided in his work than at the present time. His audience was large, wide-awake and earnest. July 20th was the Sunday following the great educational convocation at Madison, and the little Unitarian Church was crowded with an audience that represented Boston, Richmond, Virginia; New Orleans, Nebraska and many other places. In the evening of the same day he preached to the loyal little society at Baraboo, which under the fortnightly ministrations of Mr. Crooker has grown into a more hopeful mood than it has known for years. Mr. Crooker and the officers of the State Conference are trying to plan for a man who will give half his time to this parish and the other half to the state field. This is one of several indications that the interest of Liberal thought is brightening in Wisconsin.

On the 27th he stood with Kristofer Janson before his Scandinavian audience in Minneapolis, to which he preached in Norwegian, following which the sympathies and counsel of the American Unitarian Association and its co-laborers were extended to them in English. The surroundings were of the unattractive and depressing kind that go with a western hall; and still the audience was nearly three hundred strong, consisting largely of bright, energetic young men. This Scandinavian society needs a church and the Unitarian friends east and west ought promptly to supply the need.

Aug. 3d, he preached to the little Unitarian Society at Wyoming, to which Rev. W. C. Wright administers fortnightly. For fourteen years this little society has continued

its services with considerable regularity in the country school-house at the cross-roads, in which the editor preached his first sermon, where he organized his first church and where he still hopes, by the help of generous friends, to see the little society of farming men and women housed in a becoming chapel. Who these friends are he does not yet know; perhaps this note will start the project. On the 10th he preached the annual sermon under the trees at his old homestead, on which occasion, as is their custom, the entire family, consisting of the patriarch, who in his eighty-fifth year is serenely and cheerfully awaiting the coming of the mysterious boatman, ten children, with their families, aggregating forty souls, assembled to commemorate the mother who has gone before. This occasion, as perhaps some of our readers will remember, was saddened by the vacant chair left by the untimely death of one who was just beginning to make the acquaintance of our readers through these columns, and the sermon was mostly given to the study of the young life which the preacher had hoped might ripen into a co-laborer as a teacher of UNITY's gospel.

On the 17th your editor found himself in connection with Mr. Simmons holding a double service in the Opera House at Duluth, where some three hundred intelligent and interested people sat patiently through two full sermons at one service, and so great was the famine for Liberal preaching in that town that had there been a third preacher present to have turned on, the chances are that they would have eagerly received him. This was the second Unitarian service that has ever been held in Duluth, and if we are equal to our opportunity in this place a Unitarian society will be a realized fact in the near future.

On the 24th a grove and basket meeting was conducted by the editor and Rev. W. C. Wright in Helena Valley near the old homestead. Mr. Wright preached at eleven and the editor at three, each sermon being supplemented in the good old fashion with an extempore "improvement" by the other minister. During the interval between the services, the baskets were opened and the small multitude, some of whom had come in their wagons from five to sixteen miles, were fed. Later in the day the heavens were opened as well as the baskets, and it became somewhat of a cold water meeting; but the canvas that was made to shelter hay-stacks was found adequate to gospel purposes and the preaching went on in the improvised tent. On the last Sunday in August the editor rested at home, and on the 7th inst. he will begin his regular services at Vincennes Hall in Chicago, with better courage for the Sunday inspirations received in a most restful and invigorating vacation.

Announcements.

Chicago Froebel Association.

The Training Class for Kindergartners will re-open on Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1884, at the Cook County Normal School. Thorough instruction will be given in the principles and practice of the Kindergarten, and the adap-

tation of the Kindergarten work to Primary schools. Also lessons in Psychology by Col. F. W. Parker, and in Elementary Science by Prof. H. H. Straight.

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All communications intended for the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference are to be addressed hereafter to Rev. J. T. Sunderland, 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

M. L. J. sends 8 cents in stamps, for which she wishes a copy of UNITY for July 16, but omits to give her address. The letter is post-marked Cleveland.

Mr. Jones' personal address will hereafter be at his residence, 200 1/2 Thirty-seventh Street.

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FOR

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FOURTEENTH VOLUME

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A Concord Love Song.

James Jeffrey Roche in Boston Transcript.

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
Of the How and Why!
Ah, the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying
That fain would die!

Ah, the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning.
And the But ungladd'ning,
That lie behind!
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind!

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieveth
Itself of woe.
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
No Ego there.
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
An Usness rare!

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